

CITIZEN KELLY'S INJURED PANTS.

A Junior Republic Boy's Dilemma Which Kept Him Off the Stage.

Contributions Are Being Made Most Generously, but One Hundred and Twenty-five Boys Are There.

Previously acknowledged	\$62.70
Harry, Yonkers	.10
Frankie Daniels, 10 years	.20
Four days' savings	1.10
Miss Keating, Harlem	.50
Tom Hassett	.50
Mrs. E. J. Maher, Brooklyn	1.50
Total	\$86.00

Yesterday there was a rehearsal of exercises for the Fourth of July at the Junior Republic. One of the members of the sextet was Kelly. Kelly is a soprano of no mean ability. He is also a lad of some personal pride.

There were ladies in the audience who were watching the rehearsals. The sextet number came on, and Kelly was called. He failed to answer to his name. He was called again, and again there was silence. Then the superintendent located him in the crowd of seated boys and demanded his immediate presence upon the stage. Kelly sat motionless and never said a word.

Insubordination is the one unpardonable sin in the Junior Republic. When Kelly by his inaction demonstrated that he did not intend to go on the stage, he was mentally marked for dismissal, and finally at the end of the exercises it was announced that on the morrow Kelly would go back to the pain and poverty of his New York life. Kelly heard the sentence, but stirred not.

At length, when the ladies and other visitors had retired, Kelly sent suppliant word to the superintendent: "Might I see him just for a minute?" The superintendent is not a bear. He permitted Kelly to see him, and then Kelly, in almost heart-broken accents, told his story. He was in subordinate, but the cause; the terrible cause. There were ladies in the audience, and Kelly, poor Kelly, was not dressed for a function.

The clothes which he brought from New York were not presentable; there were rents in Kelly's coat, and, worse than that, there were rents in Kelly's trousers, and they were where they could not be covered up. So Kelly, modest and proud, had stood the chance of expulsion rather than betray his painful condition. Of course, the superintendent knew nothing of Kelly's dilemma, and when it all came out, Kelly was put on the good list again and the incident was allowed to pass.

Kelly is a new boy, and he's all right in his way, but he has not been at work long enough to earn a new suit, and, besides, there are few new suits to be had. When outfits are being given out to forty or fifty boys a week, it takes a lot of clothing. Not one in fifty is presentable when he arrives from New York, and the first question is about the clothes and how to get them.

The Journal is doing all it can for Kelly and his kind, but it needs the help of the town in that matter. The town has not been wanting by any means. Yesterday, when a great box of old style hats arrived from one of the city's big firms, the boys made an onslaught on the store, and many that had been bartered for months got their headgear for the summer. One good straw hat does wonderful service in the country, and it never goes out of style.

No one has any idea, unless it be those who are working with the Republic, how many pairs of shoes a hundred boys can wear out in a given time. True, in this warm weather, many of the lads are bare footed from choice, but the stone fields are not the most pleasant places in the world for bare feet, and those who are going bare are anxious for shoes in case they go to field work. Necessarily they are barred from the games of the athletic field, too, because there are sharp stones in the field, and the bare feet cannot run over them.

I saw one little lad yesterday whose entire outfit would not weigh more than six ounces. It consisted of a suit of apron overalls. There was no underclothing, no shirt, no shoes, no stockings, in his wardrobe. He had worked half a day and bought the overalls from the Republic store. His old garments were unfit to be seen. The sun burns his bare neck and shoulders, but he has no word of complaint, content that the next wagon from town will bring clothes, and he will get into some as soon as he can. Meantime the weather is warm and well, boys out of the East.

Another lad who was busy around the big kitchen had a pair of knee trousers which were ripped from the waist clear down. He never had anybody to sew for him in the length of his life, and he has learned to do for himself. He fronted a great difficulty by picking up a small grass rope and doing a neat job of sewing with it. With the many knots and twists and turns, his trousers are not graceful, but they cover and protect, and he is valiantly content till the wagon comes with a better pair, which his work in the kitchen will earn for him.

If the people who send contributions of clothing to the Journal could see to what queer uses some of their cast-off garments are put, they would laugh, and then, perhaps, if they looked a second time, they might weep, for ludicrous as some of these diminutives look in their ill-assorted garbs, there is also a pathos of the deepest kind in the cheerful resignation. They argue that it will not always be so, and that better things and more of them are coming.

And so they are. The Journal is looking out for them, and their friends are increasing in number and interest every day. The Journal collecting wagon is busy all day collecting boxes and bales from the various residences and stores who notify the office by postal card. In addition to that, there is a daily accumulation of things handed into the office by interested persons. Not the smallest article of wearing apparel, nor the smallest bit of money is unwelcome. There is a place to put every bit of both, and one hundred and twenty-five homeless lads are looking for home things every day. They are noble enough not to complain.

But, however much they want for clothes, there is never a day on which a working boy does not get his three square meals. The big dining tent is filled with a bunch of appetites every noon which would do a dyspeptic good to see. The boys do all their own cooking, from the baking down to the simplest thing in the bill, and that they do it well is evidenced by the fact that the guests who visit the Republic eat as heartily as the growing lads themselves.

Would you think that these boys, up to within a month almost unknown to labor, would be able after a fortnight in the Republic to take hold of a hotel of that size and conduct it? Have you realized what an enterprise it is? Well, these Junior Republic boys do all that. They do the baking, manage the kitchen and their waiters, buy their supplies and attend to their bank accounts and to the personal accounts of every boy who dines with them.

I asked one of the firm how much bread it took every day. "Just a loaf per man. We feed one hundred and twenty-seven tonight at tea, and we have just finished baking fifty loaves for them. There will be some of the batch left over for breakfast, so we will not waste anything."

The big oven is going practically all day long and the boys are working hard. They have the hotel on a speculation, putting up their money and their experience, and they are making money out of the first business scheme of their lives.

Are not these and the working lads who eat at their table worthy of help? They are objects of charity only in so far as they are searched out in the narrow streets and taken to the Republic. Once there they are men working for a livelihood, doing five good hours a day, and enjoying it. The money contributions which come in to go to fill those barrels with flour, and to buy such table supplies as the farm does not produce. When they are doing their part so well, why not give them the encouragement of keeping them in material?

Instead of being a care, and one might almost say a scourge, upon the city for five months, these lads of the Republic are in a healthy country atmosphere, learning how to be orderly, how to work and how to be self-supporting; a thing which none of them are in town.

The chipped china and kitchen utensils donated to the Junior Republic Hotel by the Waldorf, Imperial, Fifth Avenue and Hoffman House amounted to a total of eleven barrels. China was badly needed by the boys, and the generosity of the big hotels saved them in a tight place. They are now able to seat and feed the entire Republic at one time.

Mrs. J. S. Travers has sent to the office a large bundle of serviceable clothing. Danny Taylor, a ten-year-old lad, of No. 255 West Thirty-eighth street, has sent a package of books for the boys on the farm, and M. C. Thore, of No. 127 West Ninety-eighth street, has presented a collection of magazines and periodicals. All these will be enjoyed, but of course the clothing, no matter how old, is the thing most needed and the thing for which the lads are looking with the greatest interest. The cash contributions are swelling in a satisfactory way.

The Republic is just now in the midst of preparations for the country's natal day. To-morrow the Journal will tell all about what the boys will do and the distinguished guests of the larger Republic whom they will entertain.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S MONUMENT. COLLECTOR LEFT NO TRACE.

State and City Officers Laid the Corner Stone with Due Ceremony.

Salt Lake, Utah, July 2.—The corner stone of the proposed monument in honor of Brigham Young and the pioneers, to be erected at the intersection of Main and South Temple streets, was laid with appropriate ceremonies to-day. The oration was delivered by F. D. Richards, with appropriate remarks by Governor Wells and Mayor Glendon. President Woodruff edited the London box with a copy of veneration and other sonnets, and the was laid by Brigham Young, the

Deposed San Francisco Government Official May Have Taken His Life.

San Francisco, July 2.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of C. M. Welborn, the deposed Collector of Internal Revenue for this district, but the United States Marshal has thus far been unable to locate him.

While it is generally believed that he is in hiding in this city, hoping that his friends will obtain some sort of a compromise, a rumor is current that he has followed the example of his defaulting deputy, Isaac Norton, and committed suicide. This theory is not credited by the circle with whom he was associated.



Love Led to Tragedy; He Shot and Wounded Her, Then Killed Himself.

Rosina B. Doolet left her husband for the wealthy art dealer, C. F. Herve, and they kept a boarding house for time. Her love for him abated, and jealousy crazed him. Yesterday he lured her to the home of her sister by a forged letter. In a hallway there he shot her, then turned the pistol and killed himself. She will probably die.

HYPNOTISM IN THE BENHAM TRIAL.

Startling Charge of the Prosecution Against Dr. Richmond.

METHOD IN HIS MANNER.

District-Attorney Declared Dr.

Townsend's Answers Were Controlled by the Cross-Examiner.

Batavia, N. Y., July 2.—The climax in the sensational developments that have followed one another in quick succession throughout the great Benham murder trial came to-day—the eleventh day of the defense's struggle to save the life of Howard Curtis Benham. It was, in brief, an open complaint to the court that Dr. Richmond, the lawyer-physician employed by the defense, is a hypnotist, and that he had been exercising his power on the witnesses for the prosecution—notably, Dr. M. W. Townsend, the District-Attorney's star witness.

Following on the heels of this grave charge came the news that an attempt had been made to poison Mrs. Mary Farrant, the sad-eyed mother of the late Mrs. Florence Tent Benham, for whose death her husband is now on trial.

Dr. Richmond, the lawyer-doctor who is charged with being a hypnotist, has been one of the most energetic fighters on Benham's behalf. He is a tall, well-built man, with an intellectual face and keen, gray eyes. He is smooth shaven and solemn in demeanor as any prelate.

He was also alleged to have taken the whole of the City College site for the new Sixty-ninth Regiment armory, including the \$230,000 properties owned by ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt and others, for which purpose Mr. Richmond loans forward with an expectant—not to say menacing—air, his gaze fixed intently on the witness while he waits for an answer.

In this manner such by such has he followed through the testimony of Dr. Townsend, who made the two autopsies on the body of Mrs. Benham. By means of his keen incisive questions Dr. Richmond obtained from Dr. Townsend admissions which were of telling effect in favor of the defense.

Through a tangle of technical questions the lawyer-doctor led the witness with the skill born of research, and then at a critical moment Dr. Townsend would be staggered by a question which the preceding ones had led up to. Dr. Townsend was made to admit that he had not conducted the autopsy in accordance with the rules laid down by the authorities. Dr. Townsend, after being allowed to tell all about the smell of bitter almonds—denoting prussic acid poisoning—was suddenly asked why he did not so testify at the inquest. This staggered him, and he finally answered evasively that he thought he had in effect. Again the physician witness had to admit that the heart and lungs of the dead woman had shown the effect of the embalming fluid.

Dr. Richmond then went into a series of technical questions as to the relative effect of embalming fluid and of prussic acid, when District-Attorney Kennelick said: "May it please the court," he said, "this witness is being hypnotized. The lawyer for the defense is actually influencing the witness against his will to answer questions as the lawyer wills he should. I ask the court to note the manner in which these questions are put—to the witness and the bearing of the questioner—to note particularly how Dr. Richmond, in putting a question, gazes directly into the witness's eyes. There can be no mistake about it; the witness is being hypnotized."

Dr. Townsend had listened to this sudden outburst from the District-Attorney with first a look of great surprise and then of amusement, while the spectators, many of whom were women from Batavia's best families, craned their necks and gazed at the two lawyers in open amazement.

The Justice, too, was dumfounded, and he turned instinctively toward Dr. Townsend, who was still smiling.

"May it please Your Honor, I have never supposed myself so gifted as the District-Attorney does me the honor to suppose. I am simply doing my best to get at the facts in the case. I ask Your Honor's permission to proceed."

The Justice assented, remarking to the District-Attorney that no undue influence would be allowed, and that the Bench

would see to it that impartial means only would be employed in cross-examination.

Dr. Richmond then asked some telling questions as to Dr. Townsend's ability to distinguish between the odor of prussic acid and that of other acids. Dr. Townsend admitted that he did not know the odor of biiodide of mercury or of chloride of zinc, or that they have any odor at all. He also pleaded ignorance in regard to embalming fluids. Dr. Benjamin Showerman, of Batavia, followed Dr. Townsend on the witness stand. He assisted in the autopsy, and his description of it in no way differed from Dr. Townsend's. Court adjourned with his direct examination. The defense appeared well satisfied.

Afraid of the Candy.

The attempt to poison Mrs. Farrant was by means of a box of candy, in which were a number of almonds. The candy was sent to her at the Warner House, where she and her husband, Peter Farrant, are stopping. Mrs. Farrant took the candy to Judge the Sheriff said the candy would be thoroughly analyzed. The sender of the confectionery is known, and if the analysis detects poison, as is confidently expected, at least two arrests will follow.

STRONG'S CLEARING UP DAY.

Much Important Business Transacted, as the Mayor Goes Away To-day.

Mayor Strong was very busy yesterday. As he leaves for Richfield Springs to-day for a month's holiday, he wanted everything cleared up. The Armory and Street Opening boards occupied most of the morning. In the afternoon the Sinking Fund did more business than it has transacted in four weeks. Colonel Waring was given a hearing on various projects, including the renting of a stable on West Eighty-ninth street, but the Comptroller succeeded in having them put over until after the vacation season.

They decided that the Refrigerator Company's plans to refrigerate the markets should be sold at auction, like any other franchise, which will render a recent resolution of the Board of Aldermen null and void. It was also agreed that all city bonds hereafter to be issued for 1897 should be exempt from taxation for which purpose Mr. Hinch introduced an omnibus resolution.

It was also agreed to take the whole of the City College site for the new Sixty-ninth Regiment armory, including the \$230,000 properties owned by ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt and others, for which purpose Mr. Richmond loans forward with an expectant—not to say menacing—air, his gaze fixed intently on the witness while he waits for an answer.

CVCLIST SHOT FROM AMBUSH.

Assassin Fatally Wounded Stenographer Nelson, and Got Safely Away.

Chicago, July 2.—While Charles Nelson, of No. 2238 Graves place, a stenographer, sat on a bench in Washington Park last night with his companion on a bicycle ride, Mrs. Margaret Staples, of No. 1257 Michigan avenue, an unknown assassin fired three bullets at him from the cover of a lilac bush. One bullet entered Nelson's body near the heart, another pierced his neck, and the third wounded him in the fleshy part of the leg. Nelson was immediately taken to a hospital, where the physicians pronounced the wounds fatal. The assassin was lost sight of in the crowd. Mrs. Staples has been separated from her husband for some time. She has since been in the employ of a number of bicycle firms.

THIEVES RIFLED LETTERS.

Experts Were at Work Soon After the Wabash Accident.

St. Louis, July 2.—Post Office Inspector Dice has received reports from two of his assistants who have been at the scene of the Wabash wreck, saying that hundreds of letters were rifled by expert thieves soon after the accident, and the contents stolen. With the report came a large package containing a number of letters addressed to St. Louis firms, and all had been tampered with. These had been picked up near the scene of the wreck.

City News Notes.

J. J. Hughes has been re-elected president of the P. J. Hyman Association of the Twenty-fifth Assembly District. The association's rooms are at No. 461 Fourth avenue.

Victor Eklundson, the new Peruvian Minister to the United States, accompanied by his family and his secretary, M. Eklundson, arrived on the Panama line steamship Alliance, from Colon, yesterday.

Henry J. Volain, of No. 324 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street, was arrested last night by Bicycle Policemen Krueger and Becked up in the East Sixty-seventh Street Station. He ran over Joseph Hohen, of No. 424 East Sixty-seventh street, knocking him down and cutting his wrist. Hohen was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. Volain's bicycle was broken in the mix-up.

Bicycle Policeman Greenleaf last night arrested Camille Rudio, of No. 103 West Third street. He was searching on the north side of Washington Square Park. He left a bicycle at the Mercer Street Station as security.

LAWYERS STAND BY LYNCH LAW.

Noted Members of Georgia's Bar Think It a Necessity.

Warm Springs, Ga., July 2.—At the meeting of the Georgia Bar Association to-day, with Chief Justice Baldwin, of Connecticut, an interested listener, a sharp debate sprang up, in which five of the leading lawyers of the State declared the necessity for lynch law.

In an impassioned speech Hal T. Lewis,



Chas. F. Herve.

who placed Mr. Bryan's name before the Chicago convention, declared: "The criminal is lynched because his victim should not be subjected to the further humiliation of detailing a crime which she can hardly whisper to her husband or breathe to her parents. He is lynched because of the conviction in the public mind that this is the most effectual way of preventing a repetition of the offence. To attempt a correction of such sentiments by statutes would prove as futile as an effort to overcome the fury of the cyclone or to prevent the lightning flashes from the storm cloud."

L. W. Thomas pictured the farmer returning from his day's work to find his home despoiled. "Lynching of the wretch follows," said he, "we must admit under our new civilization were are faced with a condition and not a theory."

Burton Smith, brother of the ex-Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith, said: "The Anglo-Saxon has always protected women without the aid of law courts, and as long as Anglo-Saxon blood flows in American veins, whether in Georgia or Massachusetts, Alabama or Ohio, assaults of women will find a swift and ready reprimand."

N. J. Hammond, formerly member of Congress from Georgia, denounced the effort to "convert the Bar Association into a mob."

PERALTA-REAVES GRANT.

A Mexican Lawyer Has Filed a New Claim for 50,000,000 Acres of Land.

Santa Fe, N. M., July 2.—E. A. Garza, a Mexican lawyer of Monterey, has been several days preparing to file a new claim in the United States Land Court for the Peralta land grant, made famous by the long suit of A. J. Peralta-Reaves, which ended in the latter's sentence of two years' imprisonment for fraud.

Peralta-Reaves only claimed twelve million acres, but Garza holds that the grant included fifty million acres, and that he has ample proof of the claim. He says the records are in San Luis Potosi, and not in Spain.

British Tennis Champions Coming.

London, July 2.—As a result of the meeting yesterday of the Lawn Tennis Association of London, when the association was compelled for financial reasons to decline the American challenge, four good players will visit America on their own responsibility. They will start on July 17 and include H. S. Mahony, the former champion, W. C. Fawcett and the Doherty brothers. Of the latter, R. S. Doherty, of Cambridge, won the championship on Wednesday last, when he defeated Mahony by 6-4, 6-3, 6-8.

SHOT AND IN A RUNAWAY.

Peter Clarke, Mortally Wounded, Rode in a Farm Wagon Behind a Team of Loose Horses.

Danbury, Conn., July 2.—A runaway team of horses dashed through the main street of Danbury last night, and Constable Judd, of that village, who stopped the animals, found a man with a bullet hole in his thigh in the heavy farm wagon which dragged behind the animals.

The man was unconscious and apparently at the point of death when a doctor's office was reached. The constable and the doctor drove to the hospital in this city with the wounded man, who was Peter Clarke, a farmer from Redding.

Clarke's brother, Thomas, was found on the Bethel road later, where he had fallen from the runaway team. Peter Clarke was shot on the farm five miles below Bethel. Both men were intoxicated when the shooting occurred, and Thomas, realizing that his brother was badly hurt, latched up the team and placed him in the wagon and started the horses upon a run for Bethel.

The animals got beyond his control and he was pitched off. The horses with their helpless load behind them ran into Bethel. Clarke is alive to-night, but cannot live. Thomas Clarke is locked up in the Bethel Police Station and may have to answer to a charge of homicide if his brother dies. He maintains, however, that Peter accidentally shot himself. Peter says the same thing, but the doctors differ so much that they are being investigated.

WELLINGTON WILL FIGHT.

The Maryland Senator Does Not Want Patronage If It Means He Must Be Served.

Washington, July 2.—Senator Wellington, of Maryland, made a privileged statement in the Senate to-day regarding his opposition to the nomination of A. B. H. Watter, Jr., as Consul to Leipzig. The Senator declared that the story of his statement at the Committee of Commerce meeting yesterday was false and was given out by a "creature" who sought to injure him with his constituents and with President McKinley.

"If the price of patronage is to be servile obedience, then I refuse to give it," exclaimed Mr. Wellington. He closed with an emphatic statement as to his prerogatives. If these prerogatives were to be interfered with, then he proposed to "make war."

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See His Mother.

Washington, July 2.—President McKinley left the city at 7:30 to-night over the Pennsylvania Railroad for Canton, Ohio, where he will visit his aged mother and take a few days of rest.

With him were Mrs. McKinley, Assistant Secretary of State Day and Mrs. Day, Mrs. Saxton, who is Mrs. McKinley's aunt, and Miss Mabel McKinley.

Canton will be reached at 10:30 to-morrow morning and the return to Washington will be on Tuesday. This will be the President's first visit to his home since the inauguration, and he has expressed a wish that it be a quiet one, devoid of speech-making and demonstrations.

WEATHER FROM MEXICO.

Reports Will Be Exchanged Daily with the United States Service.

Washington, July 2.—An important arrangement has been completed between the United States and Mexico for an exchange of Weather Bureau reports. The United States is interested in securing information of storms that come into this country through Mexico, and Mexico is especially anxious to get advance information of low temperatures working toward Mexican territory.

An effort will now be made to secure some like arrangement, by which information of storms in the West Indies can be secured.

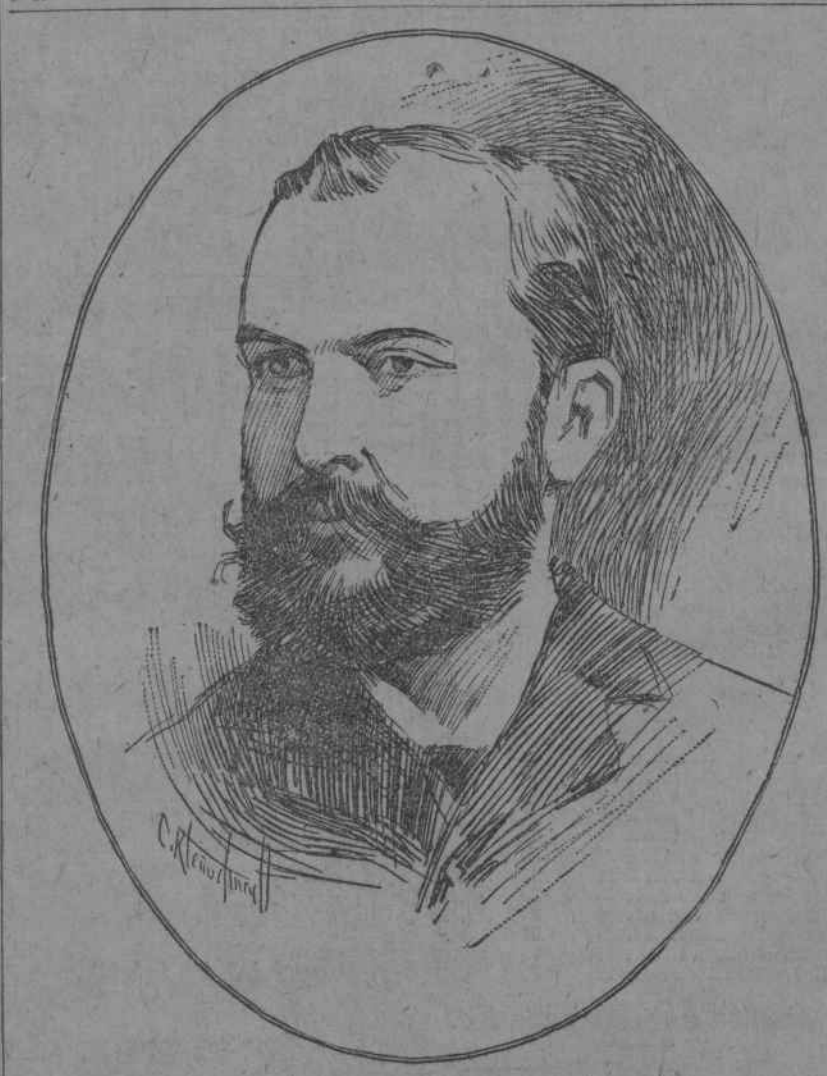
ADOPTED DAUGHTER WINS.

The Court Overthrew Hutchins's Will Bequeathing \$100,000 to Charities.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 2.—Judge Dissette to-day set aside the will of William Hutchins and directed that the entire property be given to the heir-at-law, Isabella Davis, an adopted daughter.

The estate amounts to \$100,000, which was bequeathed exclusively to charitable institutions. Miss Davis in the will was cut off with \$500.

Hutchins died within ten months after making the will, and under Ohio laws, all bequests to charity should be made one year prior to death.



Raymond A. Wetzler, the Missing Chef.

HE left his home, No. 324 West One Hundred and Sixteenth street, Monday last to call on his brother-in-law, a chef at the Plaza. He did not reach there, and has not been seen by friends since. Wetzler is thirty-six years old and was formerly a chef in the Hotel Marlborough. Recently he has suffered from nervous and has been treated for the disease by Professor Jacob. He had only a few dollars at the time he disappeared.

DESPISED LOVE LED TO MURDER.

Herve Shot Mrs. Doolet, and Then Killed Himself.

WOMAN'S WOUNDS FATAL.

Had Decoyed His Victim to the Hallway of the Flat in Which the Tragedy Occurred.

To be revenged upon the woman who had shed of his love, Charles Ferdinand Herve shot Mrs. Rosina Doolet yesterday morning. Then he killed himself. The double tragedy took place in the hallway of the house where Mrs. Doolet's sister, Mrs. Henry C. Gaudier, lives, No. 271 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street, and was deliberately planned, as a note found in the man's pocket and addressed to Mrs. Doolet shows. He fired four shots at her, one in the back of the head and two in her back. The fourth missed her and lodged in the wainscoting. A fifth pierced his own heart, killing him almost instantly.

About 10 o'clock the tenants of the big flathouse were aroused by the shooting, and rushing into the hall, found the woman wounded and lying on her face, and the discarded lover dead at her feet. Mrs. Charles P. Worrall, who occupies an apartment on the ground floor, opened her front door a few moments before, just in time to see Herve turn his pistol upon himself.

Mrs. Doolet was carried out on to the stoop, and a crowd quickly gathered about her. Somebody ran for Dr. G. H. Godson, who lives at No. 301 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street, and a boy called Officer Connolly, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station, who summoned an ambulance from the J. Hood Wright Memorial Hospital.

Dr. Godson had the woman taken into Mrs. Worrall's flat and did what he could to relieve her. She asked for her husband, but could not say where he was to be found, and begged that a priest be sent for. Father John J. Keegan, of St. Thomas's Church, One Hundred and Eighteenth street and St. Nicholas avenue, was summoned. He administered extreme unction, and the wounded woman, who was still conscious, was taken to the hospital, where little hope of her recovery is entertained, and if she does live she will probably be paralyzed.

On her way to the hospital she kept calling for her husband. She told Ambulance Surgeon Ramsey that she had lived with Herve after separating from her husband, but had left him recently. Yesterday morning he decamped her to the house on One Hundred and Fourteenth street, and by sending her a telegram, signed with her brother-in-law's name, Henry C. Gaudier, telling her that her sister was dangerously ill. Knowing she would come at once to see Mrs. Gaudier, Herve laid in wait for her and was seen in the neighborhood for some time before the shooting. He went into Miller's saloon, at the corner of Eighth avenue, and took several drinks to nerve him for the ordeal, then strolled up and down the street until he saw Mrs. Doolet enter the house. He followed and talked with her for several minutes. He implored her, so she says, to live with him again, but she refused. He repeated his request several times, and finally, when he despaired of her yielding, drew a revolver.

When Mrs. Gaudier saw her sister she went to her room and hid. She recovered after a while, but refused to tell what had led to the tragedy.

Revenge for rejected love is the only explanation. Rosina Doolet is a French Canadian, had given up everything for him, and later had deserted him. He was only a poor clerk, and she, just when she made her acquaintance or how nobody knows, but it was when she was happy and living with her husband, Eliezer Doolet, at No. 271 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street, that she was rejected. Herve was rich. He took her out to dinners and charmed her by his generosity. After a while, however, she became aware of his wife's unfaithfulness. There was no divorce, no scandal. They agreed to separate, she to share the fortunes of her lover, and he to stay in the city, trying to make his money. He never saw her from the time they parted in 1894, until yesterday, when Mr. Gaudier, who is now a wealthy man, told him Rosina was dying and wanted him.

Doolet lives at No. 200 East Fifty-sixth street. He hurried to the side of his wife and spent the afternoon with her, trying to comfort her. "I have no feeling of anger, only of the tenderest pity for the poor girl," he said, fuddled, turned with her, but not really dead. She was fond of Herve once. She left me for him; he could give her what I had not. Poor Rosina!

After the woman left him, Doolet says he does not know what became of her. At the hospital she gave her address as No. 110 East Twenty-eighth street. There, all information was denied. Her neighbors were less reticent. They say she has lived there for about a year with Herve, the couple being known as Mr. and Mrs. Herve. She kept lodgers, and did a little dressmaking. A woman who occupied one of her rooms last winter, said the couple were constantly fighting about money matters.

In Herve's pocketbook was found a slip of paper, on which a note to Mrs. Doolet was written. Besides a letter reproaching the woman, evidently written yesterday morning, some calling cards belonging to the dead man were found in the pocketbook. C. F. Herve neatly engraved on them.

On one, above his name, "Ex Necessitate Reii" (right comes from necessity) was written, and below it, in his address, No. 271 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street, New York; under the address, "Monte Cristo, 1, 2, 3." In an envelope, with the printed address of a railway hotel, were four two-cent postage stamps. The pocketbook also contained \$2.15, a pair of eye-glasses, a pencil and a capsule filled with a white powder. A cheap metal matchbox was found in his pocket.

Mrs. Herve Expected It.

"This dreadful tragedy," said Mrs. Herve, when seen by a Journal reporter last night, "does not surprise me. I have expected such an ending of my husband's dual life for some time. Mr. Herve arose at 5 o'clock this morning, hastily dressed himself, as he was about to leave the room, said: 'Good-by, dear! I am going to take a long walk.' Then he kissed me and left. I did not see him again and heard no more of him until news of the shooting reached me."

"My husband met this woman about four years ago. During that time he has squandered more than ten thousand dollars on her and her friends. Often